

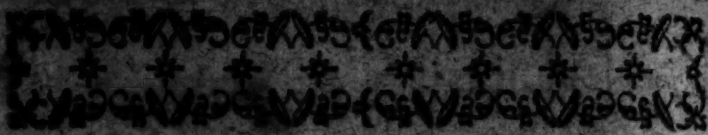
ANACREON'S FEAST.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

1. A New Irish and Scotch Song.
2. The German Mare.
3. A New Song on Alderman Wilkes.



42-b-27-88



ANACREON'S FEAST.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive bord was met, the social
band,
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent
stand,
My sons, began the sage, be this the rule,
No brow austere must dare approach my
school,
Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign
within,
Old Care begone, here sadness is a sin,

A I R.

Tell me not of joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, on him that's great:
Wealth and wisdom I despise,
Cares surround the rich and wise.
The Queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
I was born for them alone:

Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
Give them to the fools I hate.

But let love, let life be mine,
Bring me women, bring me wine:
Speed the dancing hours away,
Mind not what the grave ones say:
Gayly let the minutes fly,
In wit and freedom, love and joy:
So shall love, shall be life mine:
Bring me women, bring me wine.

A new Irish and Scotch Song.

GOOD people attend to my humorous
song,

You'll pur on a laugh if you tarry long;
My song's made on English and Irish too;
Not forgetting the Scotsmen, that d—d itchy
crew.

Hallelaloo! by my soul, fir, to tell lies I scorn,
I will be a sweet Scotsman next time I am born,
Then for thefts, rapes, and murders, I never
shall swing,

While Sawney's carest by a pr-ne-fs & k—g.

One English and six dear Paddies did swing,
For shooting at one whom some call Mr. Green,

Tho' their lives were ended with shame, by
my shoul,

We grac'd their corps with a sweet Irish howl.

Hallelalloo, St. Patrick, at Guildford we hear

The Scotsman who murder'd young Allen go
clear,

Then let's all be Scotsmen without any dispute

For we'll be safe under the banner of Boot

When G—— he first ascended the throne,

Such rejoicing in England sure never was known

Little did they think that he'd ever been blind

Or to see with Scotch barnicles he'd be inclin'd

Sing hallelalloo, the truth you shall hear,

Tho' blind, sign'd the bill to raise the strong
beer;

The minds of the people he made alter soon,

And they wish'd the devil had the Scotch loon

This loon is a scorpion in Scotland bred,

But the hero of liberty bruised his head;

He had ruin'd the nation and starved the poor

Had not Wilkes put a stop to the son of a whore

Their luxury now I hope's at a stand,

God send peace and plenty again in the land,

And Boot be transported to some distant place

And sing hallelalloo, they're all in disgrace.

The GERMAN MARE.

A Mare was brought from Germany,
 As I may tell to you, sir,
 And for some time, a prince we hear
 Did ride her to and fro, sir.

A rider he from Scotland,
 Was sent for, as we hear,
 Because no Englishman was fit
 To ride this German Mare.

This Mare she ran revengefully,
 With many horses more,
 And when the Scotsman did her ride
 She always got before.

The German Mare, and Scotsman too,
 Were always fortunate,
 They never came upon the course,
 But then they won the plate.

She was as good a racer
 As ever yet vvas bred,
 But by a horse, call'd Liberty,
 At length vvas distanced.

When on the last course she did come
 The rider he did say,
 Come, I will my endeavour use
 To distance Liberty.

The German Mare and English horse
 Did both together strive,
 At length he got the start of her,
 Just forty yards and five.

With courage bold, the English horse
 Made the Scotch rider flee,
 And if that you would know his name,
 'Tis gallant Liberty.

A New Song on Alderman WILKES
 Member of Parliament for *Middlesex*

[Sung by the true Sons of Liberty.]

HAIL Wilkes, thou loyal soul,
 B. H. than't you controul,
 Do what they can.
 For now the cause is try'd,
 On which they most rely'd,
 But of Old England's pride,
 You are the man.

C H O R U S.

Wilkes still shall bear the sway,
 Nothing shall him dismay,
 Now he has got the day,
 Brave English boys.

H. have done their worst,
 and have the day accurst.

That e'er they try'd
 by law to gain their ends,
 or lo, from all their friends
 to them no good extends
 Rightly apply'd.

to throw Wilkes from his right,
 Old England's great delight)

Behold, his foes
 more things which were not true,
 things which they never knew,
 which no merit drew,
 B. H. did lose.

on the whole amount,
 truth shone on Wilkes' account

To his applause:
 truth, which sometimes is blam'd,
 ever can be sham'd,
 in the end is fam'd,
 So great the cause.

Wilkes when in parliament
 Will give us in content,
 By lawful ways;
 He'll be Old England's friend;
 Will all her rights defend,
 And what is bad amend,
 So great his praise.

F I N I S.



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